

Kiseki

by NiceArt121

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Summary: Nice grew to be Moral's greatest assassin with no emotion and only kills to fill up his own thirst and need for blood. It isn't until someone from his past reminds him of his once forgotten emotions and teaches him to love again. T Rating may go up. Excuse the bad writing main

NiceArt/MurasakiShizuku/HajimeTakahiro/RatioBirthday

## 1. Chapter 1

Mikhail kept walking back and forth while trying to stay calm. Haruto's eyes kept following his friend's steps in pure amusement. It was a rare sight to see his usually cool headed friend to be so nervous. He chuckled which earned him an icy glare from said friend.

"Can't the usual unemotional and cool head Mikhail is overreacting over his second child's birth." said Haruto as he stood up.

"Sue m. Moral is already practically an adult. What about you?" Snapped Mikhail facing the other who kept grinning like an idiot.

"Nice is a year older than your newborn since his first year birthday just passed. Besides Shoko cannot have any more kids," said Haruto rather casually while Mikhail winced. He had definitely hit a sore spot there and murmured an apology.

Haruto merely shrugged. Suddenly a scream was heard throughout the mansion. The brunette groaned while Mikhail smirked in joy and satisfaction that his wife was of royalty and was at least a proper and calm woman. Haruto's name was called and there appeared Shoko running while carrying a one-year-old child in her arms.

"Shoko, keep it down! Lieselotte has already gone into labor," explained the brunette to his rather excited wife. Shoko only smiled

wider and pushed Nice into Haruto's arms and rushed into the chamber.

"Haruto, I am not one bit envious of you."

"Oh, Shut up!"

Another thirty minutes passed when a baby's cry was suddenly heard. Both men stood up as the doors opened with a very happy Shoko. In her arms was a purple bundle with a hand sticking out. Mikhail took the bundle into his arms seeing the newborn's eyes screwed shut while waving it's fist in the air.

"It's another boy."

Haruto patted his friend's back while letting Nice look at the child. Nice immediately took hold of the child's hand causing the baby to laugh suddenly. The adults were surprised but then all laughed in joy as well. Mikhail suddenly went into the chamber to look at his wife. Lieselotte smiled tiredly but radiated herself from giving birth. He placed the child back into her hold and both smiled fondly over him. They wondered if the child would live a happy life of love.

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Art turned out to look much more feminine then they had expected. The child had the face of an angel and really soft features. Upon announcing the child's birth he was announced as a princess by accident. It was a mistake they hadn't really bothered to fix yet due to Art's figure as well. Art could only fit into all of Lieselotte's princess clothing and was just too small for even the male baby prince clothing. Even Moral who was researcher confused his newborn sibling as a sister instead.

Eight months barely passed when Lieselotte announced she was pregnant once again. Haruto made a not to appropriate joke to his best friend only to earn a black eye. The silverette was not amused by the joke of course.

Nice turned out to be another interesting case. The boy had grown attached to Art and would not leave the child alone whenever they saw each other. Whenever Shoko and Haruto tried to leave Nice would immediately start a fit. Lieselotte found it rather cute and good distraction from her thoughts of her older son Moral.

She had noticed how her son would look at Nice like a specimen. At times she even saw him writing down notes of sorts in notepad. She knew Nice was a gifted child who was already walking and speaking at barely three months old. Though it is because he came from a line of magius and was a pure magius unlike Art and Moral.

Her children were Halflings due to their father being only a human even if at times he dint act like it. Magius were vampire like creatures who would feed on a specific human and drain runes from them. Only one line of purebred magiuses could exist and that was Haruto and Shoko due to being from the original line. Nice would be the only allowed purebred to exist from everyone else. However after making peace with humans the Halflings were being born without the need to feed from runes. Instead a few started developing minimums, which were rather rare abilities, which manifested with a specific

action. In the case of Moral he had the transformation slash optical illusion minimum. Either way Lieselotte knew something was off with her oldest son.

After Art's first birthday It was born shortly afterwards. It was a joy for the family and their friends to have a new member. However like everything in the world the happiness cannot last for long. A tragedy soon occurred two weeks later.

Haruto watched Nice as he opened his arms to catch Art who had been hanging onto the monkey bars. The brunette narrowed his eyes whenever he noticed his soon just watching the other carefully.

"What's the matter?"

The sudden question broke Haruto away from his examining to look at Mikhail with It in his arms.

"Nothing. Just that Nice is rather overprotective of Art is all," admitted Haruto switching his attention back to the pair. Mikhail only hummed while sitting down. Currently Art, It, Lieselotte and himself were in royal garments. It fitted perfectly in Moral's old prince garments while Art continued only growing into his mother's clothing. They had even had to put the make up on the boy who didn't mind not seeing the difference in marks between his and his father's markings.

"Art isn't showing signs of a minimum." spoke Mikhail while watching his one year old who laughed at being carried piggyback style by Nice. Haruto gave a surprised look and sighed not liking his friend's worried tone. Most children showed signs of their abilities immediately or to be more truthful all Halflings had abilities.

"Well he will be like his hardworking dad." Haruto comforted knowing his friend to have suffered the same predicament. Mikhail gave Haruto a look before giving It over to him. He then turned his attention onto Art and Nice.

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"So Art hasn't shown a minimum ability at all?" asked Shoko eating another lemon cake. Lieselotte nodded while drinking her tea slowly.

"He has ability potential but nothing happens. Moral is at the end of his wits." stated the queen grudgingly. She did not appreciate her eldest's attitude at all towards Art not manifesting ability. He could not accept the fact that one of his siblings dose not have ability. It wasn't right or fair in his opinion.

"Mikhail is human and he couldn't be a magius like us because he didn't fit the criteria. Yet he has accomplished far more then any living being in this earth," reasoned Shoko with some of her own irritation. She hated when people looked down on others just because they couldn't do the same thing as others. Lieselotte only nodded in agreement remembering when she met Mikhail as a child and unconsciously tugged at her hair a bit. She was a magius who had been put into a dying newborn's body and had fallen in love with a human.

"Then again Mikhail is the only one who can give runes to Haruto without losing his memories along with using runes to give energy to things. Maybe Art will be a source to Nice." Shoko suggested though it seemed rare due to Nice not needing to feed at all from runes since he was born. They were still trying to find out what his diet was exactly.

Mikhail was a rune source for Haruto who didn't forget his memories at all. When Haruto was chosen as the only pure magius Mikhail offered being a food source. Even so the silverette had many bite marks from both his best friend's and wife's needs being filled.

However meeting Shoko's eyes they both turned red upon thinking the same thoughts suddenly. They would never admit it to their husbands but they secretly paired them as a couple in some doujins. They would never admit of also drawing doujins and fics of their husbands either. Now their thoughts went to Nice and Art which wasn't one bit surprising.

"Shoko, we will see."

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Nice once again was in a fit as he clung onto Art who patted his head in comfort with a smile. Haruto pulled his son away rather roughly causing the boy to scream even louder than before. The adults winced in unison of their eardrums bursting from the volume. Lieselotte and Mikhail waved their goodbyes. They watched the carriage slowly leave. Both sighed wishing they could help their friends in calming their child down but they had to wish them luck only.

Mikhail took It with him while Art held his own arms out to be held by Lieselotte. The pinkhaired smiled and lifted him up seeing how he looked like his father yet appeared just like her in some ways especially with the clothing and make up. Art yawned and snuggled into his mother's hold while closing his eyes.

Mikhail placed It into his pen and Lieselotte tucked Art into his bed. Right when they left the room a huge roaring sound was heard. It caused even the house to tremble to their horror. Looking through the window they saw a huge cloud of smoke. Not thinking twice they ordered the maid to watch the children while getting their horses. They felt like time was too slow and wished they could speed it up.

Mikhail and Lieselotte arrived to find the carriage completely destroyed. Shoko and Haruto were alive with their clothing torn and ripped. The magiuses were desperately looking through the wreckage. Mikhail shut his eyes in pain while Lieselotte covered her mouth and tried to keep the tears from coming out.

Nice didn't make it.

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A man with long whit hair walked not that far from the wreckage. In his arms was an auburn haired child completely asleep. The man smiled while gently caressing the child's cheek.

"Nice-kun, you'll be my greatest masterpiece."

## 2. Chapter 2

Eight Years Later

Art was pouting while his parents looked guilty and It snickered. No matter what his parents could never seem to find proper clothing for their second child. Art was just the same size as Lieselotte and was just too girly in physical figure to fit in the prince clothing. It fitted perfectly in Moral's old clothing while of course Art in his mothers'. The prince clothing was either too big or baggy on him and so was the situation. Another royal gathering was occurring and so they had to go dressed properly for the occasions. Art kept his arms crossed not wanting to go to another gathering with his current clothing. It kept trying to keep his laughter in check but it was too difficult due to having to see his older brother dress like a girl. Art shot daggers that rivaled his father's own glares that were given when Haruto said something annoying.

"This isn't fair. It's embarrassing!" shouted the nine-year-old while Lieselotte bent over to fix his sash.

"Don't complain Art. I am not exactly fond of wearing my own outfit," muttered Mikhail. Lieselotte slapped him rather gently up the head for the comment. Both children laughed at their parents' antics.

It gave his brother though gave a mirthful look while Art narrowed his eyes angrily at him. The family of four went to the gathering as planned and were received with much good will. Art though was going through torture with the fact that he couldn't correct or hit people on the head. They would always gush over him, pinching his cheeks and hugging him too tightly. However the worst part was the fact that they said the same thing to him over and over. What a beautiful princess you are and what a queen he'll be. The reason he tolerated this was the fact that only a person of the royal family could rule and since Moral gave it up he had to be the one to one to inherit. Usually the honor had to be the daughter and since Art looked like a girl he was believed as the right heir unless It found a wife. Still he had to keep smiling like the angel people said he was even when the smile never met his eyes.

It and Art watched their parents fight over whether or not to let them stay over with Moral. Their mother was definitely against the idea for some odd reason though they didn't question her. Their father on the other hand though was trying his best to convince her. Moral had asked for his siblings to stay over for the week just to spent time with them. Mikhail though understood his wife that Moral wanted to know of the kids' minimums and see why Art had not awakened his. Mikhail convinced Lieselotte with at least getting Art only to come to the royal meetings since he was the presumed heir. Art didn't like the sound of it but went with his mother's wishes.

Arriving to the mansion they were greeted by Moral himself. It ran to hug his brother while Art kept his distance somewhat. He would not admit it but he tended to get a bad vibe from his older brother since the moment he was conscious of him. He presumed it came from his mother but still kept the info to himself. It was usually spoiled by

Moral and Art knew it was due to his minimum much to his annoyance. He hated being reminded that he didn't exactly have one but wasn't to bothered about it even when Moral and It seem to remind him of it every time they came to visit.

Lieselotte and Mikhail greeted Moral. "How is research going?" asked Mikhail as the family entered the mansion.

"Quite well. My dear siblings will soon have the protection necessary," stated Moral while giving Art a sympathetic look. Lieselotte grimaced at the look her eldest held for her second born child. She saw nothing wrong with Art at all and approved of his high intelligence and physical abilities even without a minimum.

Art noticed the look and immediately asked to be allowed to walk outside or around the mansion. Moral said yes and the boy left not wanting It to tag along with him at the very moment. It felt this and replied to not wanting to explore anyway with a pout of being somewhat rejected openly by his brother. Lieselotte watched Art leave and felt like something was going to happen to the boy.

Art walked around the entrance and ascended the grand stairs wanting to clear his mind. For an eight year old he tended to have his mind always busy which was something his mother disliked greatly. He liked the hallways with the many paintings and decorations held around the hallways. The maids and servants were very kind and greeted him whenever he passed by them. Eventually of course he ended up getting lost in north wing where his bedroom was on the second floor. He wanted to see his room and was somewhat annoyed to see that his brother ordered for his room to be decorated like a girls. He wasn't going to complain about the bed though as it was what he needed to sleep at night. Still he wished after leaving the room he had at least known how he had gotten. He kept looking around when a strange mirror caught his eyes and upon pushing it he accidentally realized it was a trap door and screamed upon sliding down the secret passage he had found. Upon landing he fell face first onto the ground and screwed his eyes shut upon feeling the impact. He stood up rubbing his head.

"Who are you?" a rather cold voice asked out of nowhere. Art immediately turned around to be face to face with a boy a year older then him. The boy had messy black hair with some curls and had blue eye as well. However the boy's expression itself was rather emotionless and cold. It somewhat worried Art to see a child his age almost having such a look.

"Well?"asked the boy impatiently as he rounded up on Art. Art didn't know how to respond or what to think. Why would his brother hide a boy in a place like this? The room was practically empty with only a bed and a desk and from what he could tell the room was always dark with only a small window letting light shine through.

He heard the boy somewhat snarl in anger which caused him to feel even more nervous then before. "I accidentally fell down here." he replied finally while the boy gave a disbelieving look. Art felt his face tinge red in embarrassment at admitting how he gotten there. The boy sighed and simply ignored after that but his eyes were examining Art's figure quite carefully to the other's embarrassment. Art noticed the boy's eyes kept examining his chest area.

"You're a boy right," the boy stated which surprised Art knowing people to be usually blind to his gender. Art felt happy that someone finally saw he was a boy but the relief soon disappeared.

"Thought you were a girl at first truthfully."

The statement finally made Art snap and without warning pushed the other boy roughly onto the bed. "I wish people would stop saying that! How hard is it to tell that I am a boy!" he finally let out all the anger he had let stay inside him to come out. Realizing though that he had done this to the boy who had no fault caused him to feel extremely guilty and started apologizing immediately. The boy on the other hand had been surprised by the outburst yet he couldn't help but laugh something he had never thought he could do before now. Art liked the boy's laugh but still blushed in shame of his actions.

"My name is Art."

"I'm Nice. But to tell you the truth you shouldn't be here." said Nice plopping onto his bed. Art looked confused but followed suite of the other. Nice didn't seem to mind for he made room for Art.

"Why not?" asked Art. Nice gave a rather mocking smile.

"Not allowed visitors." Nice said this like it was obvious. He still remembered Moral's rules of never letting anyone in the room or even going outside. Even though he had made a route to leave something always made him stay with Moral. Art wondered what his brother could possibly be doing with a kid like Nice.

Suddenly Art remembered his parents and stood up to leave only to remember he didn't know how to. Nice noticed the other's anxiousness and sighed in understanding taking the boy's hand and leading him out. Art blushed even harder when he felt Nice take his hand. Arriving outside though Nice finally let go and bid farewell to him. Art though felt he needed to thank the other and bowed towards Nice causing the latter to be amused.

"I'll come visit you as soon as possible." Art shouted and then ran off before Nice could protest. Nice only shook his head wondering if Art had heard that he wasn't supposed to have visitors yet deep down he wanted the other's company badly. Being locked away and alone for so long caused him to be somewhat distant. However for once in his life he felt human again all thanks to a certain lilac haired kid.

Art arrived to meet up with his family who said they had been looking for him. Art said he had gone outside and had wandered too far. He bid farewell along with It to their parents as they left. Art had decided to keep Nice a secret knowing there was a reason Moral had him locked up like an animal.

First thing first though was getting settled and taking off his outfit much to his relief. The makeup was the worst part but he would survive it. He laid in his bed smiling a lot more joyful then he thought and soon sleep came to take him away. His dreams were filled with the image of Nice.

xxx

Nice heard his door open and stood up to meet Moral and the other professors. "Come Nice. We must continue your training."

Nice only nodded curtly and went out to the training room with his own mind preoccupied of the images of a certain lilac haired beauty.

### 3. Chapter 3

Nice had truthfully not believed Art when he said that he would come visit him again. That visit soon became a lot of visits and Nice learned that once this boy made a promise he kept it. Of the black haired kid would never admit to anyone but he enjoyed the other's company. It was calming and brought him some peace.

The next time Art came by he was dressed in a black cardigan with white buttons and a red shirt underneath and black shorts. Nice actually missed the princess outfit the other wore the other past visits. Art though looked happier without the dress and makeup on. Made him feel like he was being himself.

Art always brought sweets or anything that was food for Nice to taste. Nice's diet consisted of something he would not tell Art which bothered the latter. Nice would usually sleep in the morning due to his training being at night along with his dinner. Due to this he would sleep while Art would watch and at times gently brush his fingers through the other's hair. Nice would sometimes hum in content at the feeling since it helped him sleep more.

Art would come at different times to visit Nice in order for his brother Moral and Ito to not notice or be suspicious whenever he disappeared. He would usually be found in the black cosmos garden or in the woods playing with the animals. Art even tried to convince Nice to come outside with him but Nice wouldn't risk it. Sure he found an exit but he practically lived his whole life pretty much in his room. He wasn't ready to go out there at least not yet. Art either way was patient with him and accepted this with a smile. Nice would blush every time the other showed his smiles.

During one of his naps Nice felt Art climbed onto the bed and adjusted himself so that Nice could sleep on his lap. Nice had never had a better pillow since that day. However he would fall into a deep sleep at times and waking up would see that Art had left already. Even so he smiled and for once enjoyed his training knowing he would have a nice soft pillow.

Only the problem the next day was that Art didn't come by at all. This worried Nice who wondered if Art was finally caught. When training came though he noticed he wasn't the only one worried. Moral looked somewhat upset about something which made Nice worry even more then before.

The next day Art did come to visit him to his relief. That relief was short lived when Nice saw his body. Bandages practically covered the other along with some really dark bruises. Nice asked and Art turned completely red and grumbled an incoherent reply. Nice gave a look but nodded and didn't ask any more questions. He suddenly dragged Art over to the bed and placed his head on his lap.

"Do you think I'm weak?"

Nice opened one eye to look up at Art who distracted himself with Nice's hair.

"My brother made us do a physical course today. I kept losing and falling and well of course my twin Ito would win." Nice felt anger rising in him already knowing where this story was heading, He hated that Halflings were being tested for their minimums and not all of them could. He has watched so many get kicked out of Facultas just because of this. He was different though from those kids due to his very different diet.

"Moral said it was sad that I wasn't like Ito. That it was unfair that I had to be weak so my brother would be great. Then Ito gave me a pitying look and I punched him." Art said surprising Nice. Now that was a nice turn of events he thought and sat up.

Art looked ashamed and guilty for what he obvious had done. Nice rubbed his back while the other covered his face. The tears either way came out. Nice knew Art well enough to know the other tended to bottle up too much and then snap when the line has been crossed. Nice felt the urge to throttle Moral now more then ever.

"You're not weak."

Art looked at Nice confused from the statement he had made. Nice gave him a rather gentle smile.

"With or without a minimum, all you need is to know what you the strength to do with your own ability. People should not look down on others just because they cannot do the same thing as them." Nice told Art who looked touched and looked a lot better from the little speech.

Even though he was smiling the tears kept coming much to Nice's confusion. He thought that would stop the tears from coming. Art though suddenly hugged him rather tightly suddenly.

"Thank you, Nice." Nice felt his cheeks heating up again and patted the other on the head. Though he pushed the other gently off. Art laughed at the blush though he didn't know he was the cause. Art then looked up at the clock and frowned obviously in displeasure.

"I have to go now. My parents are coming to take me to a gathering." said Art getting off the bed. Suddenly he felt his wrist getting caught and turned in surprise to look at Nice.

"Are you leaving for a long while?" asked Nice looking away in embarrassment. Art smile and bent forward to lean his head on Nice's head.

"I'll be back by tomorrow morning so don't worry." he assured the other and left while Nice hoped he did come back.

xxx

There were times when Nice wanted to murder Moral and this was one of those moments. The idiot had not fed him again because he couldn't find a sufficient victim. Nice knew that with his hunger taking over

him he tended to do much better in his training. He hated that Moral did this on purpose to him. This was what he hated the most about himself.

Suddenly he heard an all too familiar thump. Nice paled incredibly that he looked like a ghost. He never knew what fear was before but now he knew. He hoped that it wasn't Art. He knew that he would lose control on the first person he would meet.

But of course God hates him and makes all his hope disappear when he hears the other's call.

"Nice, I'm back." announced Art as he appeared in his royal garments from before. Immediately Art realized something was wrong and rushed over to Nice who keeled over from the hunger pains. Nice though pushed the other away roughly but he had already taken a whiff of Art's scent.

"Nice what's wrong! You need help!" shouted Art while once again reaching towards Nice. However Nice finally lost his control and roughly pushed Art to the ground.

"Oof!" grunted Art feeling the air knocked out of him completely while Nice pinned him down. Nice didn't do anything but growl and roughly yanked away Art's collar and without warning bit down on Art's neck.

Art winced at feeling his neck being pierced by Nice's sudden bite. He felt his body being drained of something, which he could only assume as blood. His body though started feeling really warm and to his embarrassment was enjoying the feeling of his body being drained. It was pure pleasure in Art's case but eventually Nice pulled away having satisfied his hunger somehow.

Nice though slumped over on top of him after standing for a mere minute. Art thought felt tired and somewhat dizzy. Nice though looked terrified at Art who opened his eyes to look at Nice.

Nice was shocked to see Art was alive and breathing. Whenever he fed from someone they would be dead after he was done. Yet Art was here underneath him still breathing and very much alive. Nice also had tasted something different from Art's blood. It was much sweeter and much tastier than anyone else's. He finally stood up and made a good amount of distance between them.

Art laid on the ground for a bit longer before sighing and standing up with a bit of dizziness. Nice looked horrified either way while Art fixed his collar.

"You think I am a monster now." said Nice as he looked away in shame.

"No, I don't." replied Art walking towards Nice though stopping a bit in case the other should push him away.

"No? Didn't you see what I just did to you! You could've died!" snapped Nice while Art only smiled gently at him.

"Yes, I saw. But I am still standing and breathing aren't I?" asked Art teasingly while finally standing in front of Nice. Nice gave a

skeptical look while Art took hold of his hand.

"You didn't judge me for being weak. So I won't judge you for needing another food source." explained Art while Nice stared at him before laughing suddenly. Art smiled in relief and calmly led the other to the bed. They talked for the next hour about what occurred in the other's absence.

Art said he needed to say bye to his parents before they left. He stood up and suddenly took hold of Nice's face and gently kissed his forehead. Nice didn't have time to respond for Art ran off before the other said anything.

Nice rested upon his pillow and realized with disgust that he preferred Art's blood over all the other victims he had drank from or killed. Still he closed his eyes in huge relief and with a smile. He touched his forehead and was glad that Art didn't think him a monster. He was happy that the one person that he had come to love wasn't going to hate or fear him. He didn't know how strong this feeling of love was but he knew enough to care.

"Art." murmured Nice as he fell asleep smiling an actual happy smile.

xxx

Art rushed over to where his parents were. He had caught up in time for an announcement.

"Art, dear come here. We need to ask you something." spoke Lieselotte as she pulled her son over to her. He complied and sat down on her lap.

"Art would you like to come home with us? You don't need to stay here anymore."

Art looked surprised before shaking his head surprising his family but to Ito's relief.

"It doesn't matter if I don't have a minimum. I can still train and know that I accomplished something with my own skills." explained Art causing Mikhail to smile in pride and approval.

"That is fine with us. But we would like you to have some bodyguards and a personal trainer." said Mikhail nodding to Moral who snapped his fingers. A small girl with pigtails and green eyes came forward followed by a man with a lion like face and scar on his face.

"This is Honey. She has an analysis minimum and will be your personal guard." explained Moral.

Mikhail and Lieselotte stood up to greet the man in a friendly manner. The man smiled at the greeting while bowing to them.

"This is Three, he was personal guard and soldier of ours. He will also be a guard and personal tutor." said Lieselotte watching Art as walked over to the pair. Art smiled gently at Honey who smiled also. To Three he walked slowly to and held his hands out to surprising the man who looked at Honey. Honey had done the same when they first met and he couldn't help but smile. He took the hands into his hand while

bowing.

"Sensei." said Art causing the adults to laugh however Moral frowned. He did not one bit approve his brother's sudden thoughts of not needing a minimum.

xxx

#### 4. Chapter 4

\_5 years later\_

"I still think that Three should go easier on you."murmured Nice as he wrapped another bandage over Art's arm.

"If I did then it would be pointless of me learning anything."Art said in amusement to Nice's worry.

Mikhail and Lieselotte had allowed Art and Ito to stay over permanently to earn an education and training at Moral's mansion. Nice though had started working for Moral. Of course he would never tell his lilac haired friend what he did. He currently worked as an assassin and fed from his poor victims. Though he would never forget the taste of Art's sweet blood as he drank from that pale nec- Nice mentally slapped himself for thinking that way. \_Damn it Nice keep those thoughts under control\_ he berated himself as he finished bandaging Art who gave a grateful smile before pulling his sleeve down.

Art had been introduced as the princess of Dorssia due to once again a mixup and because he had not gotten anymore masculine. That and also for Ito to be heir to the kingdom rather than himself due to not wanting to be king. Not even a month passed when Ito was already engaged to a princess who was only three years old though being a Halfling was much wiser for her age. Her name being Hajime.

Art though tended to have lesser time to spend with Nice due to the coming of age ceremonies and other royal matters. Nice understood and didn't mind though he did not want to admit to the other that he was missing him. Of course Art still felt guilt but now with Three teaching him and also trying to elude both his two new bodyguards and also with classes he just didn't find the time to do it. Art either found time so he could share the outside experience with Nice.

Nice felt jealousy at times bite him whenever Art spoke of Honey and Three in a rather fond tone. They were the ones protecting Art so he was grateful for that still he wished he could hear Art speak about him in the same tone. But that isn't ever going to happen since it is a secret that they are even seeing each other.

"So was has my brother been making you do?" Nice was taken back by the sudden question which has never popped in their conversations. He averted his eyes and gave a rather know it all smirk that usually irritated Art. "Just the usual training."

"What about your appetite?" Art asked like he never saw anything wrong when Nice had turned crazy with hunger and bit him. That calm attitude always made Nice wonder if Art was used to seeing abnormal things.

"Animals." Nice lied through his teeth though it wasn't entirely false. Art only nodded and laid on his stomach on Nice's bed. Nice was always reminded of a cat whenever Art curled his body adjusting the bedding. However Nice's eyes tended to watch Art's body and how the lilac haired moved it around. The brunette's eyes usually wandered just memorizing the other's body. Like any other teenage boy Nice had his tastes and that was Art's ass usually.

"Could you stop that?"

Nice snapped out of his trance to see Art having opened one eye lazily. Art had noticed Nice's stares and had become self conscious of his body since the day Nice began staring. To his horror he was sounding a lot like a girl. Nice though smirked and rested next to the other. Art gently propped his head onto the other's chest humming though it felt like purring to Nice.

"Why wont you go outside?" Art asked though Nice inwardly groaned having answered this so many times yet the other kept trying to convince him otherwise to go out.

"Because your brother never gave me permission unless it's for training." Nice said while Art lifted his head to stare at him.

"Do you have training tonight?" Nice thought about it and true no training tonight. Something about a huge job tomorrow that wasn't like his other jobs. Moral gave him the whole night to sleep in order to wake up early in the morning. He shook his head as a negative which made Art smile.

"Then lets go stargazing tonight."

"In the snow?" asked Nice while Art gave a deadpanned look. Oh right he is from a cold country. Still going outside was a no no for Nice. But he slipped by looking into the other's eyes and wished he hadn't. The look Art gave him made the Nice hang his head in agreement which Art laughed at. "I'll see you tonight then at nine." Art said and jumped off the bed and with a quick hug left the other.

Nice grinned and closed his eyes in order to get what little rest he could.

xxx

Art barely made in time for dinner. He could tell by the look in Honey's eyes that he was to receive another scolding from her. He sighed knowing that the girl would give him an earful. Suddenly Moral stood up and openened the door to reveal a much older girl with black hair and pink eyes with a rather neutral face.

"Everyone meet Shizuku, she'll be a new guest here with us from now on. She is a flower arranger and has a fire minimum. So please welcome her." introduced Moral while Shizuku bowed before them and sat next to Art. Art gave her a smile but the girl would not look at anyone. Art either way smiled and ate his meal or he would be killed by Honey who made sure he was eating.

Art convinced Shizuku to go to the gardens with him. She accepted and the pair left followed by Honey and Three. Art asked simple questions

which eventually loosened up Shizuku who started giving her own smiles. She showed him and Honey how she arranged flowers in vases. She showed what she thought was little knowledge of flowers to be rather huge to Honey and Art. Three even participated as well in doing some flower arrangements. Art and Shizuku apparently shared a lot in common to their surprise. Honey pointed this out and pointed out that the two could be close sisters with the sister part annoying Art a bit.

"So what exactly can your minimum do?" asked Honey with doing another flower crown.

"Well, I was already a pretty good hacker from my mother who was a really famous hacker magius. THough my minimum came as a surprise of being a fire one." expressed Shizuku , "You're pretty good at this Art."

"Art is good in a lot of feminine skills even though he wont admit it to himself that he is in touch with his feminine side." explained Honey while Art glared daggers at her.

"Do you have any family?" asked Three who caused the three to jump at having forgotten the huge man was there.

"Well my mom and an uncle and aunt and older sister. But we got separated so I was just placed in an orphanage til Moral found us."

"Us?"

"Yes. A boy named Murasaki who was the only other magius Halfling in the orphanage. He helped me and took care of me." Shizuku explained with a tiny bit of pink appearing on her cheeks.

Art sweatdropped upon seeing the evil smirk that appeared on Honey's lips upon hearing about the boy and noticing Shizuku's pink blush. Three even groaned knowing what the girl would do as well. The two gave worried looks before hanging their heads while Shizuku looked clueless and while Honey giggled evilly. The four then took the flower arrangements and left to put them in the living room. Art looked at the clock wishing it would go faster. He left to go have tea with the girls along with Ito and Three.

xxx

Nice was rudely awoken from his nap by Moral who said he had someone he wanted him to meet. Nice never gives replies to the other and simply followed him out to the training grounds. He was surprised to see a much older boy with spiky purple silver hair with purple and red glasses. He had a rather serious face which made Nice have the urge to annoy.

"Nice this is Murasaki. He came second to all your scores on intelligence and training. From now on he will be your partner." Moral explained while the two boys nodded to one another. They shook hands squeezing each other's hand tightly just to see who was a bit stronger. Nice suddenly smirked along with Murasaki.

Moral made them go through training laps just to see how strong they were to one another. Eventually Nice won though not without getting a

few scratches. They were sent to their room to sleep due to their job tomorrow.

"So how long have you've been here?" Murasaki asked while drying his hair after showering.

"Since I can remember. I only know that I've been here for years with only my headphones being the only clue of my past." said Nice as he looked at the neon headphones he has had since forever. Still it didn't explain why unlike other Halflings he had to feed on people and especially from their blood. The connection was still not revealed to either of them.

Murasaki was a very serious person from what Nice learned about him. He learned that his new partner came with a girl named Shizuku a flame minimum user. Apparently Shizuku would be part of the guard group for Art along with Royal flower arranger. Murasaki was orphaned as well not knowing where he came from having grown up in the orphanage he met Momoka in. Nice lost track of time while speaking with Murasaki and had he not seen the clock he would've forgotten his date. It was to his horror midnight already. \_Did he just think date?

—

He excused himself and told Murasaki to cover for him or he would be in deep trouble. Lucky for him Murasaki didn't like Moral any better then he did. With that Nice put on his headphones and ran to the meadow. His fingers sure enough were growing numb from all the snapping he did. Arriving to the meadow though he saw nothing and immediately deflated at thinking he was too late. How could he forget. \_Stupid Nice! Stupid Nice! \_Nice thought to himself until he noticed a light and immediately hope filled him. He ran to the spot and he nearly tripped over his feet at the scene. Art had brought out a picnic basket and even blankets but waiting for so long he ended up falling asleep in the blankets. Nice noticed the sketchbook by Art's hands. He picked it up to smile at the image Art had chosen to sketch.

It was Nice himself with every single physical detail to the headphones he now wears around his neck. Nice liked the sketch but started cleaning everything up into the basket. He then laid next to Art who immediately turned unconsciously and snuggled into Nice's chest. Nice smiled down at Art and wrapped his arms around the other's waist and watched the sky. Suddenly a bunch of shooting stars came and Nice realized it was a meteor shower. \_Nice, honey always make a wish on a shooting star ok.\_

Nice wondered where that voice came from and closed his eyes and did just that. After that he got up and lifted Art up in bridal style and carried him and the basket back to the mansion. He was told where Art's room was when the other explained the mansion structure. He jumped onto the tree's branches and landed on Art's balcony rail. He jumped down and pushed the balcony doors open and placed the basket down as well. The problem came when putting Art to bed since Art's arms tightly clung to Nice's neck. Nice chuckled and with force tore pulled the arms off. Art turned to latch onto his pillow then and Nice gently brushed his fingers over the other's cheek. Without thinking he bent forward and kissed Art's soft lips. Art kissed back and Nice suddenly smelled the blood pumping through Art's body. He quickly pulled away and to his relief Art remained asleep.

"Good night, Art." Nice whispered and left to his room and jumped into his bed. As he fell asleep he could tell he had a huge grin on his lips.

Xxx

Art felt something warm on his mouth and he couldn't help but follow the warmth. To his chagrin the warmth left his mouth. He then heard a faint whisper and tried to hear but sleep won over. By the time he woke up he was being awoken by loud knocking.

\_KNOCK!KNOCK!KNOCK! \_

Art groaned and buried his head back into his pillow not wanting to put up with Honey. Now that he thought about how did he get back to his room? The knocking continued to Art's confusion. He knew Honey would've knocked the door down by now but only the knocking kept going.

"Art,it's Shizuku. Are you dressed yet?"

Dressed? Dressed for what he thought when he turned to see his royal garments. Art suddenly checked the clock to see it with eleven am on it. That is when it hit him.

"The gathering!" he yelled and not thinking twice rushed to the bathroom. While he showered he heard his door get kicked open.

"How could you forget!" shouted Honey from the other side. Art rolled his eyes and decided not to answer. He learned not to answer back to Honey. He quickly grabbed a bathrobe and put it on and dried his hair quickly with a towel. He entered his room and scowled at seeing the princess outfit being laid out by Shizuku. He had forgotten what the royal garments had looked like.

"Don't look at the outfit like that."scolded Honey as she pulled out a brush and without asking started brushing Art's hair. Shizuku gave an apologetic smile and did the makeup his mother wore around her eyes to him. Afterwards he got up and was about to change when seeing the girls were not leaving.

"Umm, could you leave?" he said and Honey having lost patience grabbed Art's robe and yanked it off. Art cried out in embarrassment and before he could do anything else the girls pounce on him. Art adjusted himself as Shizuku wrapped the sash around him and without warning pulled it tightly. Art yelped feeling the air leave him for a few minutes and wondered how his mother did it. The girls hi fived each other upon seeing their work while Art looked at himself in the mirror. He had to admit he looked liked his mother but he wasn't going to grow out his hair any longer then that. He stood up and left downstairs without another word. Honey followed suite til she tripped over something. Shizuku helped her up and both turned to see the picnic basket along with the blankets. Both shared a look upon seeing the blankets since Honey had expressed how Art tended to disappear at times. Both decided to question him later and left after Art.

xxx

"Screw this!" shouted Nice as he threw the tie to the ground with a

lot of frustration on his face. Murasaki only chuckled in amusement while Nice sent a glare his way.

The job Moral had assigned was a bodyguard job. This meant they had to dress formally for the job. Nice though having never put on a tie before in his life had a bit of trouble. Of course he lost his patience eventually.

"You really don't go out much do you?" questioned Murasaki while Nice only placed his headphones back around his neck. He only muttered a few words that sounded like evil white haired bastard. Murasaki though shrugged and that is when Moral entered to lead them into the mansion. Nice never truly having been inside wondered into the mansion and let his eyes roam around the hallways they went through. They arrived to a pair of double doors and entered the room.

Nice noticed Murasaki stiffen before relaxing and followed his gaze to see a long black haired girl who looked just as surprised but smile at Murasaki. Nice then knew that the girl was Shizuku and let his eyes move only to meet a familiar heliotrope colored set of eyes.

"These are my top students. They will be the bodyguards." said Moral noticing his parents' eyes linger on Nice but thanks to quick thinking of dying the boy's hair since he was young they looked away.

Lieselotte though noticed her son's relief and knew there was something her son was hiding. She kept her thoughts to herself though she could sense Nice's magius energy which had the same energy as Haruto's and Shoko's. Mikhail though noticed Art's and Nice's eyes meeting but Art turned away immediately when seeing his father looking.

"Art, this will be your bodyguard." Moral introduced as he pushed Nice towards Art. Art curtsied like his mother taught him a princess should. Art felt a nerve twitch as he bowed since he noticed Nice smirking at him.

"Murasaki will guard Ito and Honey and Three will be with you two and Shizuku will watch from a different station." explained Moral. Art looked down not liking that his friends would be put in danger because of them. Lieselotte placed a hand on Art's shoulder and gave a sympathetic look.

As they entered the carriages Nice sat next to the window. His hand immediately wrapped tightly around Art's hand who squeezed back. Art felt better as Nice comforted him.

"So are these the type of jobs my brother makes you do?" he asked not noticing Nice suddenly tensed. He hated lying but he didn't want the other to know what he actually does. "Kind of." he muttered to the lilac haired. Art nodded and slowly rested his head on Nice's shoulder.

"Thank you for last night." thanked Art while Nice looked surprised but before he could ask Art closed his eyes and fell asleep. Nice groaned wishing the other could have clued him in if the lilac haired had felt Nice's kiss or not. \_Why me?\_

## 5. Chapter 5

Arriving to the gathering the family was immediately ushered inside to the royal chambers. Upon entering Ito ran inside and lifted someone in the air. Nice noticed it was a black haired girl only three years old with red pinkish eyes laughing loudly in joy in Ito's hold.

"That's my brother's fiancÃ©." explained Art while chuckling at Nice's surprise upon hearing the information. The auburn haired boy gave Art a wary look before rolling his eyes in pure amusement.

"Her name is Hajime. She is Marie's daughter. The president of Arus." Art continued to explain while they walked to the meeting room.

Moral gave orders for Nice and Murasaki to stay outside while Three, Honey and Shizuku could go inside. Nice didn't like the decision but relented after Art gently squeezed his hand and left inside the room. Murasaki noticed the action and pretended to have seen nothing even.

Inside the room Art ran towards his favorite aunt and uncle. "Uncle Haruto! Aunt Shoko!" shouted Art hugging them both tightly. Haruto laughed as he patted Art's head while Shoko hugged back her nephew.

"Art if you weren't so big I would lift you up into the air." said Haruto.

"So how is our little princess?" teased Shoko while Art's smile turned to a pout immediately in retaliation to the comment.

"Not funny aunt Shoko." said Art while turning to greet Marie who laughed at Shoko's comment.

"Art don't get upset!" shouted Shoko putting an arm around the boy. Ito snickered at his aunt's actions while his older "sister" sent a glare his way. Hajime only yawned and immediately begged for some food.

"When you are older Art, you will have the boy that any girl would die for except of course here." indicated Shoko while placing her hand on Art's chest. Art turned crimson understanding what she meant and covered his face in embarrassment.

"Don't worry dear. Your mother doesn't have much of a chest so it's a good cover for why you don't have one either." Shoko said without thinking of the danger she put herself in. A dark aura surrounded the room at that moment and everyone moved away from Shoko. Lieselotte came over to her best friend and dragged her to another room making everyone gulp.

"Anywayâ€¦" muttered Mikhail who felt guilty and a bit scared of his wife who was usually hard to anger.

"We should start the meeting." spoke Marie who clapped her hands together.

Art, Ito and Hajime were ushered out while Honey and Three stayed inside with the adults. Nice followed Art into a snow grotto while Ito and Hajime went off to a garden with Murasaki. Nice was surprised to see sakura trees blooming in the snow while Art was used to it did not show surprise.

"This is one of my favorite spots in the Gathering palace." stated Art as he walked closely to a path. Nice looked up to see snow falling alongside the sakura petals in a dance movement around Art. In Nice's eyes Art appeared even more beautiful like a mythical being right before his eyes. Art seemed to only look up and didn't notice the other's gaze on him at all.

"Nice don't you think this place beautiful?" asked Art turning to smile gently at the other only to meet the other's very intense blue eyes.

"The most beautiful I've seen." said Nice as his eyes only focused on Art. The lilac haired blushed from the gaze's intensity and wandering what Nice was really calling beautiful.

Nice walked over to Art and gently cupped the other's cheeks. Nice bent forward while Art unconsciously closed his eyes in anticipation when suddenly a crash was heard. Ito stumbled forward while carrying Hajime on his back. Murasaki and Shizuku looked apologetic though Nice was rubbing his head sheepishly and Art acted like he was examining the snow. Both were red in the face though one from embarrassment and the other in irritation. Neither could meet the other's eyes.

"Onni-chan, Hajime fell down and scraped her knee." complained Ito who put the younger girl on the bench. Art immediately entered mother hen mode and examined Hajime everywhere. Ito laughed at his brother while standing next to Nice who looked amused by Art's actions. Nice noticed Ito looking at him with a questioning look that was making Nice uncomfortable.

"Do you love my brother?"

Nice turned in surprise by the sudden question. Ito though was smiling like he knew everything without problem. "I've seen the way you two act around each other. I'm pretty sure you're the one my brother was meeting secretly."

Nice only nodded but felt fear for Art should Ito tell Moral about them. Ito though put his arms behind his head and laughed.

"Just promise to take care of him ok. Something tells me you two are meant for each other." said Ito who then walked towards his brother and Hajime who looked happy now.

Ito's words rang inside Nice's head and he watched as Art smiled and laughed happily with his brother and Hajime. \_I promise with my life\_ thought the auburn haired as he walked towards Art.

xxx

Art swung his swing while Ito pushed Hajime on her swing since she was still too young to push herself. Art noticed Nice speaking quietly to Murasaki and Shizuku in secret. He felt left out but

minded his own business. He wished the gathering could be finished already so he could get his princess outfit and makeup off.

"Moral will not approve at all of this." said Murasaki sighing while Shizuku looked at Art who kept swinging. She then reluctantly agreed with Murasaki. She wasn't going to put her new friend in danger.

"I don't care. Moral kept me locked up like an animal. If I hadn't met Art I wouldn't even know I was human myself." argued Nice with clear annoyance laced in his voice. He had tried to convince his partner and Shizuku to tell Art the truth but of course they were against the idea. They shooked their heads once more and Nice growled furiously at the pair before turning away in absolute anger. Only for his temper to rise when the person he was supposed to be guarding was missing to his utter horror.

"Hey, Ito. Where did Art go?" he asked and Hajime answered instead by pointing her finger towards the gates and to the right. Nice nodded and immediately ran out to chase after Art.

"I hope he doesn't take out his anger towards Art." murmured Shizuku not liking how Nice had snapped at her. Murasaki only sighed wondering how they could tell Art the truth.

Art casually walked through the maze when he heard shouting. Turning around he was met with a rather angry Nice who came up and pinched his cheeks a little to hard.

"OW!" he shouted while Nice only glared harder. After letting go Art rubbed his cheeks and pouted at the other. Nice didn't pay attention to him though. Art sighed when his nose caught a sweet scent in the air. Knowing where the smell was coming from he hurriedly ran in that direction with Nice right behind him. They arrived to the kitchen where a female chef was finishing a rather huge chocolate vanilla ice cream cake decorated with marshmallows and strawberries.

"Good morning, do you mind?" asked Art in a perfectly well done female voice with too much politeness and very princess like that it creeped Nice out. The chef laughed and started cutting a piece for both of them. From the woman's reaction this was a normal occurrence, which Nice couldn't help but sweat dropped at. Just as Art was about to receive the plate the woman asked a question.

"My highness did you already eat your lunch. Your parents weren't too happy about last time." said the chef with a smile. Before Art could even take a bite his plate was snatched right from under his nose by Nice. Art cried out and tried to get the plate back but was unable to because Nice held it out of reach from him.

"It's true. Your parents wont approve of this." scolded Nice while Art glared at him.

Art suddenly held back and without warning smiled sweetly at Nice. "It's true I haven't eaten but you see those gatherings take too long before lunch is served. So how can I eat anything.?"

Nice felt sympathy and held the plate to Art who immediately took it and snatched the other cake that had been cut for Nice. Without hesitation he ran off from the spot. Nice then turned to get his piece when he realized Art had taken it.

"Hey that's not fair." shouted Nice as he ran after the other. He wondered how Nice ran in that dress and put his headphones on immediately. With a snap he caught the other by the waist and took his piece. Art laughed and Nice couldn't help but blush at the smile. Both ate their cake in silence and since Nice hadn't finished his Art stole a marshmallow. Art smiled while Nice playfully glared at the other. Art stole another one and before he knew it a pair of lips crashed onto his. Nice kissed roughly but eventually Art got the gist of it and started kissing back.

Nice pushed Art onto his back and continued kissing him. He could taste the marshmallow, which tasted better with Art's own sweet flavor. The kiss became softer and eventually they broke apart for air. Art rested his head and took in large gulps of air while Nice smirked down at him.

"You taste really sweet." Nice teased while Art blushed harder then before. Nice stood up and pulled the other up and headed to the mansion by Art's request. Art led the way to a huge room where a piano stood in the middle of the room.

"Do you know how to play?" asked Nice as he sat on the piano's bench while Art shook his head.

"Mom's number one rule was for each of us to have a hobby of sorts. I chose painting and drawing, Ito was kendo, Mom embroidery and Dad shooting practice. I just have heard my mom play on the piano at times." explained Art sitting next to Nice while hitting random keys. Nice went through the sheet music and at random chose a song. Immediately his fingers started flying on the keys much to Art's amazement. Art then closed his eyes and listened to the song as Nice played it.

(The song he's playing is Dearly Beloved from Kingdom Hearts)

The minute the song stopped a round of applause was heard to Art's surprise. Opening his eyes he turned to see his whole family including Shoko, Haruto, Marie, Hajime, Murasaki, Shizuku, Honey and Three applauding. His heliotrope eyes caught Moral's smug expression but also a look of dislike towards him and Nice. The dislike though was more towards him.

"You play quite beautifully young man." said Shoko coming up to Nice though she stopped when she looked closely at him. Shoko looked like she wanted to cry and unconsciously touched Nice's cheek who flinched at the contact. Realizing her mistake Shoko pulled away and laughed but Art could tell it was strained. Art noticed his uncle Haruto looking at Nice like he was some lost person he never believed to see again. Immediately Moral ordered for the bodyguards to station themselves on their designated spots. Nice and Art shared one final look before separating. Art left with Shizuku to see her flower arrangements, which were quite amazing. Before he could compliment the blackhaired girl immediately led him to a place with no cameras.

"Are you ok?" she asked to Art's confusion.

"Well yes why wouldn't I." asked Art while Shizuku held his hands in worry.

"Because you and Nice. Moral wont like it Art." the red head said before looking away." Moral is training us to..."

Before Shizuku could finish a bell rang throughout the area. Art immediately pulled away and left to find his family. His head though was swirling with questions as to what his brother could possibly be teaching his friends.

However al thinking was stopped as his mother stood up to give her speech. Nice and Murasaki watched as the queen gave her speech. Nice couldn't help but yawn while Murasaki shushed him and told him to show more respect. Nice shrugged while keeping his eyes solely on Art who was introduced to the crowd. He curtsied while the crowd cheered loudly for him. It was revealed that the most important figure in Dorssia were the queen and princess due to the land being started by a woman leader. After the ceremony greeting they were led to a reception party. But just as the family was being led inside along with the other representatives a gunshot was fired. Suddenly Three roared letting the family know that they were in danger. Unfortunately the crowd of people immediately started causing problems.

"Ito!Art!"screamed Lieselotte and Mikhail as they tried to find their children.

Art was being knocked all over the place by people running everywhere for an escape. Ito and Hajime held onto one another trying their best to not get separated. Suddenly men appeared grabbing each of the royal children by force. Art was grabbed by his hair while Ito and Hajime were grabbed roughly.

Murasaki took off his glasses and Nice put on his headphones. Immediately the duo started fighting off the enemies with their minimums. Suddenly cries of help were heard as the pair turned to see the ones they were to be guarding being kidnapped. Immediately they started running towards them. Art struggled against his captor and immediately bit the man's hand. The man yelled furiously and slapped Art harshly. That was a horrible mistake. Immediately a snap was heard and a horrible cracking sound was heard as Nice's fist met with the man's jaw. Art fell backwards and was glad to see Murasaki free his brother and Hajime.

"Come on you two." ordered Murasaki as he yanked the pair up.

Art stood up and turned to Nice only to freeze upon seeing Nice's eyes. Nice was staring at the man like food. To Art's horror Nice's fangs came out and without further thinking the auburn haired bit the man's neck. Art watched as Nice moved from one victim to another and none of them stood up again. Nice finally stood up and turned to look Art in the eye. Now Art understood exactly what Moral taught them.

## 6. Chapter 6

Nice felt disgusted with himself. Of al the things Art had to see him do it had to be this. Not bothering to explain he immediately yanked the other's hand and led him out of the Nice right on the face. Art was pulled roughly up and was held as while the man pointed a knife

to his neck. Nice glared and snapped his fingers and allowed his foot to collide with the man's face. The knife cut Art's arm but he didn't care as he saw Nice prepared to bite his next victim. Not waiting Art got in between and Nice bit his arm instead/ Nice's eyes grew wide in worry but immediately instinct took over and he drank hungrily. He didn't know why but Art's blood made him thirst for Art's only.

Art felt the familiar heat once again through his body along with pleasure from the bite. He felt weak in the knees though and immediately fell down on his knees. Nice eventually finished and Art fell forward allowing Nice to catch him.

"You idiot! Why did you do that?!" shouted Nice in anger and concern as he carried Art to the mansion. Art smiled gently and cupped Nice's cheek.

"You're not a monster. That's why." Art whispered surprising Nice. The auburn haired didn't get time to respond when a huge black vortex appeared. Art turned and immediately felt panic upon seeing the vortex.

"That's Hajime's minimum." he cried out. Nice immediately ran towards that direction. Arriving they saw Murasaki holding onto his arm which was bleeding. Hajime though stood in the middle holding onto Ito who to Art's horror was bleeding from his chest. Art immediately tried to stand and weakly ran towards his brother. Hajime had tears in her eyes as her eyes had stopped glowing red from using her minimum. Art pulled his brother upright a bit and immediately felt tears upon seeing the bullet wound.

"Ito, wake up. Please wake up." begged Art while Hajime clung to Ito's robes. Nice ran to Murasaki to check his injury. Both looked sadly at the trio as they cried for Ito.

Ito opened his eyes weakly and smiled at his two most important people. He cupped Hajime's cheek who cried louder. He then turned to his brother and smiled at him.

"Live your life Art." said Ito and in that instant his eyes closed immediately with a smile on his face. Art stared at his brother and immediately started shaking him.

"Ito! No! You can't do this! Ito!"screamed Art. In that moment Lieselotte, Mikhail, Shoko and Haruto arrived. Lieselotte covered her mouth before turning away. Mikhail held her closely while his own body trembled. Shoko and Haruto bowed their heads.

No other sound was made besides the cries of Art and Hajime as they held Ito to themselves.

xxx

The funeral was short yet beautiful as well. Ito was in his coffin surrounded by white lilies and red carnations with a smile on his face. Nice and Murasaki stood guard by the entrance doors. Apparently Ito took a bullet for Hajime and that had been his last heroic act for his fiancÃ©. Ito though did not seem to care even though death had taken him it was like he was meeting an old friend instead. The sun was shining during the funeral yet it did nothing to stop the sorrow in Ito's loved ones.

Lieselotte cried silently while Mikhail trembled with his hands curled into fists. Shoko cried as well along with Haruto who closed his eyes tightly almost as if hoping it was a dream. Marie held Hajime who was crying the loudest out of everyone present in the room. Art sobbed as well with tears pouring down his face. When the time for the burial came a rainbow had appeared suddenly and everyone knew they couldn't stay sad for long. Ito would not have wanted that. Afterwards everyone went to the reception, which were only friends, family and the bodyguards. Everyone was saying funny stories of Ito while laughing and smiling happily. Hajime had fallen asleep but Art was the only one not joining in on the happy mood.

Nice noticed this immediately since from the day's beginning. Eventually Art excused himself and left. Nice caught Lieselotte's eye who nodded for him to go after Art. Nice nodded and followed the other to the garden park where Art swung on the swing. Nice sat in the swing next to him waiting for the other to speak.

"Moral told my parents to take me back home with them."

Nice stopped his swinging to stare at Art who kept swinging. Art though kept swinging like he hadn't said anything interesting. Nice grew irritated and grabbed the other's swing to stop him. Art wouldn't look at him letting his bangs cover his eyes instead. He tried to get off but Nice grabbed his wrists instead.

"What else?" snapped Nice at the other. Art glared at the other.

"What do you think!" Art replied back angrily and struggled against Nice's hold.

"Why?"

"Because my parents think it will be safer for me to be with them. No one attacks them because my father scares them. Also Moral said I'll interfere with his work. Know who the work is?!" snapped Art finally freeing himself and running away from Nice.

Nice stood still before gritting his teeth in anger at himself. Of course Moral would have noticed how they had acted around one another. He couldn't miss the looks Art and him shared along with how close they got to one another when together. I'm an idiot thought Nice as ran to find Art.

Art had stopped running and was just crying next to a tree. Nice came up to him and hugged the other gently. Art hugged back immediately wishing he could do something anything to not be separated from Nice. This thought alone caused him to cry louder.

"I don't want to leave you." sobbed Art into Nice's chest. Nice only rested his head on top of Art's.

"Neither do I. You're the only thing that makes me feel human."

Art eventually stopped crying and both just sat there waiting for the sunset to come. Lieselotte came to fetch for them for dinner. The queen did notice the red in her son's eyes. Nice sighed in relief that his vest was black.

Nice and Murasaki were dismissed to their chambers to rest up. Murasaki noticed how Nice was in a foul mood. He asked and Nice grudgingly explained the situation to the other. Murasaki knew something like this would happen but he kept this to himself. Arriving to their room the pair immediately fell asleep except that Nice acted like he was. He checked to make sure his partner was seriously asleep before quietly sneaking out.

He ran around the mansion avoiding the annoying cameras that were everywhere. Upon arriving by the tree he jumped onto the tree's branches and jumped to the second floor balcony. He knocked on the glass doors surprising Art who had finished packing his suitcase. Art immediately ran forward to let the other in and before he could ask Nice kissed him.

The kiss was needy, raw and rough with too much emotion mixed in. Nice pushed him to fall onto his bed and the kiss continued. Nice turned the lights off immediately and then held Art close to himself.

"It's our last night together, for now." said Nice as he and Art looked at one another. Those words were a promise that the two would meet again somehow no matter what. Art smiled at him and hugged the other even closer to himself nodding a yes in agreement. Art slowly fell asleep and Nice stared at his sleeping face feeling his fangs growing out. Without hesitating he bit Art firmly on the neck causing Art to let out a moan. Nice wished he could do other things with Art but held back even though he suddenly felt uncomfortable. He quickly licked up the bite and the mark disappeared. He laid next to the lilac haired wrapping his arms around the other before closing his eyes.

Morning came to soon for the pair. When both were fully awake they shared one last kiss before letting go of one another. As Art went down the stairs he touched his lips and realized that Nice had been his first kiss from that night. A blush came over his features and his mother had believed he had a fever.

Honey and Three were the only ones coming to live with them, which was fine with Art. At least he wouldn't be alone in the palace. He wished Shizuku was coming too but she was to stay. Art sighed wishing things were different.

Nice walked through the mansion hallways, as he was still not used to living in the mansion then from the basement. As he continued walking he was met with Lieselotte who carried something in her arms. Seeing him she bid Nice towards her to which he obeyed immediately. She gave the object over to Nice who looked confused. He noticed that it was a vest that was black and yellow. He recognized it as Ito's from a family picture Art had showed him of the family in casual clothing.

"It was my son's favorite. I would hate for it to go to waste so would you please?" asked Lieselotte with a smile. Nice bowed in thanks and led the queen back to the mansion's exit.

Art stood by his father's side along with Honey and Three. Lieselotte joined them and the group went to the carriages. Art gave Nice one last look before going into the carriage. Nice watched as the

carriage disappeared and heard Moral say something about training in an hour. Nice didn't move though as if waiting to wake up from this nightmare.

**\*\*Eight years later\*\***

Nice stood underneath a lamplight with his music blaring at high volume. He may have looked like a normal civilian but he was instead waiting for his target. He turned his head to see his partner Murasaki casually standing by the neat restaurant where their victim was. The four eyes drank his wine casually like he had all the time in the world.

Nice could hear the click clacking of computer keys as Shizuku hijacked the restaurant's system frame. Shizuku had a rather emotionless expression on her face till she saw their victim start moving. She immediately grabbed her headpiece.

"Murasaki, she's coming your way." she said.

"Got it." muttered Murasaki and immediately spilled his drink on a rather expensively dressed woman.

"Hey asshole! Look at what you did!" screamed the woman in indignation. Murasaki gave an apologetic smile while the woman nagged on about her dress being ruined. He quickly hid a black cosmos into her purse and left without another word to the woman's anger.

"Nice, she's on the move."

Nice opened his eyes and immediately spotted the target without problem. A dangerous smirk came onto his face as he stalked the woman. Seeing an alley he snapped his fingers and tackled her into it.

"What the hell!?" screamed the woman while Nice held her in place with a huge evil smirk. His fangs immediately grew out scaring the woman.

"Hell, indeed." he whispered to her ear before biting down onto her neck. Screams were heard but no one bothered to help.

Murasaki and Shizuku drank tea calmly by a caf   they had found randomly. Nice suddenly appeared with a rather bored look.

"Why do I have to take out the brains?" he asked while noticing their drinks.

"Because you're the one who feeds on them." said Shizuku taking another sip. Nice shrugged and stood up to see that Murasaki had destroyed the handle of the caf  . He went over to the bar and got a nice yellow fizzy drink with a cherry. He left his money for the drink and noticed a huge portrait on the counter. He noticed a sandy haired boy with a whistle, a girl in a yellow suit, dark-skinned man, orange haired man alongside a blue haired one with a blue haired girl and purple haired girl. Before he could see the last four individuals Murasaki called out for them to leave now. He went out and as they walked to the van noticed all the police cars that drove by with sirens.

xxx

"Another one?" muttered Gasquet sighing as the body was being examined.

"Brain was taken out and a large gash on the neck like the other ones." said one of the forensic team members as they took pictures.

Gasquet pinched the bridge of his nose. It had been rumored that a serial killer had been killing minimum holders in Japan. Yokohama sadly had the most minimum holders of all of Japan. He turned to look at his superior who didn't flinch nor seem sick at all by the body.

"I sure hope this isn't sign of bad luck for you inspector after all you did get promoted to superintendent recently." said Gasquet teasingly to his lilac haired companion.

Heliotrope eyes examined the body once more before a smile graced Art's face,

"Let's hope not." said Art hoping his friends would be able to help him solve this case.

## 7. Chapter 7

Art noticed the broken handle on the caf  's door and wondered what happened. Entering the caf   his arrival was heard by a ring of the bell on the door. Koneko who was sweeping immediately lifted her head up and smiled at seeing Art.

"Good morning Art-san!"greeted the Nowhere Caf  's owner.

Master as usual was grinding coffee beans while to Art's relief was Hajime as usual eating her curry. Takahiro was there too watching the news along with Hajime. Art and Takahiro were the only ones she ever share food with.

"Morning. What happened to the door knob."asked Art as he sat down by the counter. Hajime stopped eating to hug him and to say good morning before going back to her food.

"Someone broke in but left money for the drinks they took. Weird,huh?" explained Takahiro while turning to give Art a greeting as well. Koneko came with his sweet tea. Art looked confused and wondered what kind of thief steals and leaves payment. Master then gave him his orange tea while Koneko winked at him and brought out a slice of cake.

"I wont tell Honey."she said with a cat like grin while Art's eyes glew like a child's on Christmas. Hajime though without warning snatched the plate away causing Art to bite the fork instead.

"OW! Hajime-chan come on!"plead Art as he reached for the plate only for Hajime to evade every chance he took. Art sighed before pulling out a bag with a bunch of hamburgers. Hajime suddenly pouted knowing defeat.

"You have to eat too. Not just sweets all the time."said the young girl while Art nodded. He smiled his soft and beautiful smile that always caused everyone to blush at the sight of it.

"I promise I will."Art responded and Hajime gave the plate back and received her hamburgers. Koneko teased Hajime due the rare times she shows emotions especially like now since the red blush was very visible. Art smiled and remembered how Hajime's attitude was very much like Nice's when they first met. Nice. Art turned away at the thought and sighed when he heard the news announcing another minimum holder's death. Art then gave the details to his friends while giving concerned looks at Hajime and Takahiro who both looked serious. Both Koneko and Master gave each other's looks knowing this is a bad sign. Suddenly on the TV popped up a news report of the royal family. Everyone minus Art turned to see Lieselotte and Mikhail along with a boy who looked like Mikhail but with blue eyes. There was also a girl who looked like Lieselotte only with lilac hair. She had pigtails as well but they were lazily done and were held by some holders. She was smiling an all too familiar they had just seen. Hajime smirked at Art while he glared at the TV in annoyance.

"I'm guessing the meeting went well over in Okinawa."Master said lazily while cleaning some dishes. Art nodded an affirmative while he watched himself on TV along with his family. He couldn't help but smile at his new younger brother who was currently ten. Prince was his name and he shared Uncle Haruto's eyes due to Haruto's runes entering Mikhail in an emergency.

"Oh come on! I said I was sorry-Gah!"

Everyone present in the CafÃ© turned to the doors to see Birthday running towards Art and hiding behind him.

"Art tell them I am sorry!"begged the electric minimum holder though the begging was hard to believe with the smile he had on his face. Art smiled apologetically as Birthday was lifted up by Hajime by the collar.

"Don't hide behind my brother. Go be a man instead and face your fear."she ordered as she kicked him away from Art. Suddenly Three appeared while carrying a fuming Honey who looked ready to kill. Ratio, Chiyuu and Misty followed them out as well Chiyuu carrying a bento.

"Three tear him apart!"ordered Honey while the man obeyed and grabbed Birthday while he was defenseless. Ratio only sighed before calmly walking in and sat down and with a bored expression watched his boyfriend get hurt. Art chuckled and turned to keep eating his cake. It was then that he felt a dark aura surrounding him and he turned to see Honey behind him with a nasty glare.

Feigning ignorance he asked,"Something wrong?"

"Don't you dare play dumb with me! I know you haven't eaten breakfast at all. Instead you ate cake first."she shouted while sending looks of disapproval to Koneko and Master who both looked away.

"Hey! Don't look at them like that besides I did eat breakfast!"

"Oh, really? What?"

"â€¦cake."

Honey snarled at Art like an angry cat but before she could unleash her claws Chiyuu jumped in and presented a bento to Art. Art stared at it with rather bored eyes. Seeing Chiyuu's face along with Misty crackling her knuckles he smiled and accepted the bento. Hajime then grabbed two spoons and sat next to Art knowing full well he wasn't going to eat the whole thing. If it weren't for Honey she would be the one dealing with Art. So Art ate his food by force even though he wished for something sweeter instead.

"You should eat healthier Art. All that sugar wouldn't be good for your body. I don't want to see you coming into the hospital in an ambulance again for the lack of diet."said Ratio.

Art felt a whole ton hit his head when everyone's mood changed to gloomy upon the reminder of his fainting episodes. Due to lack of sleep and diet Art would after working too much have shut down on his body. The strain then became too much that he during a shooting collapsed and his whole body shut down. Everyone had panicked and even Art's family had come just to see if he was fine. However after dying for that minute his whole body had healed and he had woken up like nothing had happened. No one though could blame him for the lack of sleep. At the reminder of the kidnapping Hajime herself stopped eating while Three looked away in shame from the one failure as Art's bodyguard. Honey looked away though not wanting to show her weak side. Art kept eating though his hand unconsciously touched his back where the many painful reminders from that kidnapping stayed. Sighing he suddenly smiled to which everyone couldn't help but join in at that.

Hajime knew that Art's smiles always had a certain magic in them that made everything seem just fine. She then ate the rest of his bento as gratitude.

Art worked as an inspector. His parents had agreed to give him a normal life since the kidnapping that had occurred. Since then he and Honey went to high school and college. During that time he made friends with Misty and Chiyuu in art class. Honey met Birthday and Ration when the blonde had tried to hit on her. Didn't end well of course. During college Art had Hajime sent from her home to live with him having grown attached to her since Ito's death. The two were always together no matter what though after getting a job Art didn't spend time with her. Hajime though had started a detective agency with him called Hamatora a dream Ito had shared with her. Art was a detective that solved the cases while Hajime was the muscle. During a case they met Takahiro who was a minimum holder who turned into a purple hulk when blowing his whistle. He wanted help for some friends who were being bullied. They learned later on that he had hidden his ability from his mother in fear of her prejudice against minimum holders. Hajime invited him to be part of the group. Koneko and Master were Hajime's guards and coincidently had a Café.

Art put his chin on his hands and smiled softly. His life was just perfect at the moment. Only there was one person who was missing to complete that happiness.

xxx

"As the annual gathering comes to a close the Queen and King give an actual television appearance along with publicly showing their new son Prince and also showing the now grown princess Art.."

Nice watched the TV as he did his push ups and only watched the lilac haired princess who waved and smiled gently at the camera. Nice's usual cold stare had soften greatly just by merely watching the princess. He's grown more beautiful then I could imagine, he thought to himself. Nice had changed as well since he had a bit more muscle though still lean. His face though had three bandages due to severe training with Moral and also from the exam he had to pass for Moral's boss Momoka. Finally Nice stopped his push ups and stood up to stand straight up while still watching the TV.

"Hey, lover boy can I finally change the channel?"asked Murasaki as he kept running on the treadmill. Nice gave him a look before reluctantly changing the channel. He walked over to grab a towel to wipe off his sweat. He left to go change and shower. He looked at the vest which had once belonged to Ito before going downstairs to see Shizuku attending to a customer. They were hiding in a flower shop due to Moral's higher up having a thing for flowers. Shizuku was not fond of the place but did her best to control her temper when handling the flowers. Holding something in her palm is the only way to activate her hellfire minimum.

However right now it seem she might end up burning a customer for once. A sandy haired boy with a white cardigan, red shirt and a whistle around his neck was asking Shizuku questions. Shizuku was holding a lily in her hand and from the grip Nice knew she was ready to burn it to ashes.

"What kind of flower would a girl who likes hamburgers like?"asked the boy innocently.

Nice smirked as he saw Shizuku's smile become strain.

"Don't you think she would prefer a hamburger?"

"Then do you have hamburger smelling flowers?"

Nice snickered and caught sight of Murasaki who looked at his girlfriend in amusement as well. SNAP! Both turned around to see Shizuku having broken the lily in two.

"Why don't you buy her a hamburger instead."she spoke with a rather high pitched voice and dangerous smile. The boy stared at her before his eyes grew bright. He was completely ignorant of the danger he was in.

"Yeah! That's a good idea. Thanks miss."thanked the boy while taking away the half with the lily and leaving Shizuku with the stem half. Shizuku stood dumbfounded while the guys burst out laughing. She turned to glare at them with daggers.

"Men are idiots and tricksters!"she shouted and with a humph left to tend to the other flowers.

Nice shrugged and went over to the doors getting ready to take a walk.

"Take your phone with you. You never know when an assignment comes."ordered Murasaki. Nice showed his phone and left.

He noticed the kid that had been in the shop. The boy met up with a group of four. Two brunettes, a blonde and a purple haired one. Together they left into a burger joint and without thinking Nice started tagging along. He didn't know why he was tailing them but a urge told him to. Leaving the burger place the group of five headed to familiar path that Nice recognized from his last assignment. To his surprise he was taken to the very caf  he had broken into or at least Murasaki had. Letting the group enter first he then opened the door and at the same time a bell rang. A dark skinned man looked over along with an orange haired girl with a cat tail.

"Hello! Welcome to Caf  Nowhere."she greeted instantly. Nice smiled at them and went over to sit at the counter. He looked at the menu and ordered another drink like the one he took yesterday night. (It's the drink he always buys in the anime but I have no idea what it is.) The girl nodded and the dark skinned man immediately got to work on it.

"So you like the hamburger I got you?"

Nice turned upon hearing the question to see the sandy haired boy watching a short black haired girl eat it. Her face from what Nice could see was glowing from eating the hamburger. It reminded him of how Art's face would light up at the sight of any kind of dessert.

"Yes, thank you Takahiro."

"Your welcome, Hajime-chan."

Nice suddenly froze upon hearing the name and from the corner of his eye watched the girl. The girl turned around to throw the wrapper away and instantly they made eye contact. Of all the Hajimes out there in the world he had to meet Ito's once fianc  and from the looks of it she recognized him. Her fuchsia eyes looked confused before trying to examine. Nice jumped when his drink was placed before him suddenly. Koneko apologized for the scare. Nice stood up and immediately paid for the drink wanting to leave quickly. He ignored Koneko's cries for his change and headed straight to the doors placing his headphones on. Not paying attention his head collided with someone elses.

"OW! "

Nice looked up to apologize only to feel his blood suddenly drain from his face. Art was right in front of him. Only it wasn't the princess but the real Art who dressed like a princess. His head was reaching forward to touch the other who was rubbing his head in pain. Then he drew back his fingers and snap them.

"Eh?!"screamed Koneko as everyone jumped in surprise as the customer vanished. Upon hearing that snap Art looked up to late to see who had hurt him by accident.

"Who was that?"he asked while turning to the door. Hajime didn't say anything though since she herself wasn't sure if that was indeed

Nice. But from the way the other used his minimum it seemed so. She though didn't want to give Art false hope.

"A customer but he left now with a snap of his fingers."explained Master. Art kept rubbing his head and Ratio immediately went over to examine it saying that it was only a bump.

"Hey I wasn't done talking to you!"shouted Honey as she entered the caf  . Art groaned remembering now why he had ran off from the girls in the first place. Misty was carrying another bento along with Chiyuu.

"Give it up Honey. I'm not hungry."he stated clearly as he sat down. He then yelped as Honey slammed the bento in front of him. Art glared at her before turning to his left where Misty stood with her arms folded with a patronizing look. He turned right where Hajime stood cracking her knuckles and then a shadow loomed over him. He looked up to see his sensei arms crossed with glowing red eyes. Sighing in defeat Art opened up the bento while Honey smirked in victory.

"Talk about force." Said Master as he cleaned dishes.

xxx

Nice breathed as he slumped forward against a building wall. To his luck his drink had spilled all over and now he carried an empty glass. He then gritted his teeth and threw the glass which immediately shattered. He then slammed his fist onto the wall.

Damn it! Wasn't he the one who said that they would meet again he thought to himself. And yet he ran away from the one person who made him feel human and not a monster. Knowing he was in Yokohoma was really bad for him. Nice knows he won't be able to control the urge to go see him. Yet his hands were stained with blood how can he ever go see Art. Art seemed to have created a peaceful life for himself from what Nice could see. Ring!Ring! He took his phone and answered.

"What?!" he snapped.

"Hi to you too."answered Murasaki in a mocking tone. Nice took a deep breath while closing his eyes tightly.

"Sorry. What is it?"he asked.

"We have a job tonight. Get back here so you can see the file."said Murasaki and with the hung up the call. Nice sighed and looked behind him and without thinking twice snapped his fingers.

xxx

Nice read the file and couldn't help but feel a twitch of annoyance upon reading it.

Stupid politicians always having to use their minimums for the wrong reasons. Why couldn't the magius see that their offspring were abusing their abilities. Then again was he one to talk since he fed from them. At least it's female he thought since he liked taunting them more for their looks. They always turned out to be prideful gits. Either way he climbed the empty office building and stealthily

entered the office room. He went over to read the files the woman had on her bribes with the government. Idiot woman why would she keep the files on her own computer. He quickly send them over to Shizuku so she could hack into them to see what else could be found. Nice finally heard the door open and quickly stood up. The woman was a young blonde and was surprised to see him there before smiling viciously at him.

"Are you the one they sent over for my entertainment?"she question while slowly undressing in front of Nice. Nice smirked at her before showing his fangs and his eyes changed to red.

"Of course."he said placing his headphones on and snapping his fingers. His moth immediately made contact with his victim's neck and of course came the screams. But Nice didn't realize what was happening in that moment for he saw something else. A pale neck he has bitten into before and soft locks of lilac hair came into his vision. At that moment he realized what he was imagining and immediately stopped his feeding. The woman was dead by then but outside he saw red and blue lights glowing from the windows. He screwed up big having not realized that the woman held a phone in her hand. Damn it, Murasaki is going to be pissed he thought. He quickly got up and ran towards the windows which to his luck were locked.

Stubbornly he broke the locks and was about to hop onto the fire escape when the door slammed opened.

"Freeze!"

Nice groaned and held his hands up knowing he was going to kill an innocent. He turned around glaring only for his heart to sink. Of all the people he had to see. Art stood in front with his gun held up with a look of surprise and utter horror.

"Nice?"Art whimpered pathetically while Nice's eyes changed back to their blue shade. He must've looked nice with the blood splattered nicely on his suit.

"Hey Art."

## 8. Chapter 8

I've been having too many feels for Re: hamatora especially for Art after yesterday's episode. I feel so sad for him I really think he won't have a good ending. I feel that his regeneration minimum will destroy his memory. And it is going to make him forget everything about what happened and what he did. That is what I assumed since I don't think the writers will kill him off. The only positive outlook is that Nice promised to take care of him because of gasket and because he's his friend. :\_:

By the way I give permission to Neon Night to draw this. Misty is from Hamatora ep 6 Shizuku is from the manga she is the girl they save in the mafia I thought she and Murasaki seem to understand one another Also thanks to the reviews

Art had always imagined different scenarios of meeting Nice once again. They were all good nice fairytale scenarios. Reality hadn't

really caught up with his mental state back then. Right now reality was being very cruel and indecent with him. He was holding his pistol towards his most important person. Why? Because it turned out he was the one murdering minimum holders. Worse was the fact of how pathetic he had whimpered his companion's name. Nice was just staring at him with those blue eyes. Art looked down at his pistol and sighed using both hands he held it steadier now.

Nice smiled bitterly and knew the pistol would kill him instantly if aimed at his head. What a better way to die then by the hands of the one you love. At least in death I'll be free he thought. He closed his eyes seeing Art's eyes narrow in determination. At least I got to see him one last time he thought. He let his hands drop and just stood waiting for the gun to shoot. He heard the trigger moving and just kept smiling waiting for death's sweet embrace.

Bang!

Nice felt the bullet whizz by but no pain came instead a crash was heard of a window being smashed. Opening his eyes he was surprised to see Art instead holding his shoulder where blood was coming out. Looking behind though the locks of the windows were opened to his surprise. The bullet did that he thought and turned to see Art smiling at him.

"Go before they get here." Art said before leaning on the doorway. By using a reflect shot which he mastered after reading it in a manga somewhere he was able to destroy the locks.

He also managed to make it hit him in order to make it seem like he had been wounded. The wound was nothing compared to other things he endured in his lifetime. Nice though was distracted at the smell of the blood. How he had missed that sweet aroma that only Art produced. His eyes started turning red much to Art's surprise. Art tried to call out to him but it was no good. All Nice wanted to do at this moment was pierced that pale flesh with his fangs and drink that sweet liquid. His mouth was watering from the very thought. Art sighed and started undoing his tie and pulled down his collar. If it weren't for his blood this would've gone easier but he hoped his men to take their time getting here. Without another word Nice pulled him forward and bit on the wound. Art winced before feeling that once familiar heat again from being drunk. He leaned onto Nice whose eyes were completely red from drinking. Nice missed this sweet taste more than anything. The very scent causes him to lose control.

"Inspector! Are you alright?!"

The call broke Nice's trance. Not thinking twice he removed his mouth but quickly healed up the wound. The brunette immediately ran to the window but turned to give Art one last look. Art only smiled gently before turning away to look at his men. Nice jumped down and slid down the fire escape. He immediately recognized Murasaki car and jumped onto it quickly.

"What the hell happened?" shouted Murasaki driving quickly. Nice shut the door after entering and only muttered a few choice words at him. Shizuku sighed knowing there was going to be a fight.

"How was he?" she asked surprising Nice who gave her a look. He then

turned away and let his bangs cover his eyes.

"Happy."

xxx

"Inspector, is everything alright?" asked Gasket turning to the lilac haired man. It was odd but seeing Art so disheveled when they got up there confused him. The other though said that the assassin had escaped and therefore he collapsed from shock. Of course Gasket didn't believe the other one bit. Though the inspector seemed rather pale. Art smiled and only nodded an affirmative before standing up to walk.

"Why wouldn't it?" Art asked and with the next step everything turned black.

By the time he woke up he was met with the faces of everyone in Café Nowhere. Hajime looked worried but sighed in relief at seeing him wake up. Ratio suddenly reached forward to check his forehead before nodding.

"You fainted without warning. Lucky for you that it wasn't from your lack of diet or sleep. More out of shock." explained the doctor. Koneko ran over with a cup of tea Master poured. Art sighed and accepted it with thanks. Honey looked at Three who nodded. Art grabbed his shoulder where the bite had occurred. He could still feel Nice there drinking even if he wasn't there physically. I guess there are some things you can't forget he thought before laying back down. The urge to cry was really strong at the moment. Chiyuu and Misty along with Hajime noticed the youngest of the three went over to lay her head on his chest. Chiyuu went over to start drawing a sketch while Misty did the same. Takahiro wished he could do something but seeing the time he better leave before his mother gets home.

"Hope you feel better Art. I gotta get going." said Takahiro grabbing his backpack. Hajime waved him goodbye as he said goodbye and left. Art had rubbed his eyes dry enough to stop the tears from coming. He sat up as Hajime lifted her head up and the two headed to the bar counter. Koneko gave Art a piece of cake and to their surprise Honey let it pass. While eating everyone noticed Art wasn't in the best mood even while eating his cake. This worried them since the other tended to always smile and be cheerful.

Honey then stood up and went over to Art and without warning hugged him. Hajime then followed. Soon Ratio, Birthday, Chiyuu, Misty, Koneko forcing Master all were hugging Art. Art couldn't help but laugh and smile causing to join along until Three joined in and started choking all of them. The huge bodyguard was so touched he started crying not realizing he was choking everyone. Birthday the got an idea and took out his tazer. Ratio seeing this immediately shouted no. Too late as Birthday activated his minimum everyone was electrocuted immediately. The screams were heard all the way outside Café Nowhere that passersby couldn't help but stare. Back inside Birthday was the only one standing while everyone else had fallen to the ground twitching and moaning in pain.

"Well that was a shocking end." announced the electric minimum holder with a smirk.

"Guys thanks for making me feel better but next time try not to choke and electrify us next time." Art groaned out while still twitching.

"Birthday" groaned Ratio.

"Yellow." Chiyuu said while her eyes swirled.

"Ratio-nii next time warn us." said Misty.

Koneko's tail twitched while Master's baldhead looked as though it was smoking. Honey was spazzing a bit while Three's beard was singed as well. Hajime only sighed and felt her stomach rumble. Everyone sweat dropped but laughed.

After the shock faded Ratio, Misty, Birthday and Chiyuu left. Leaving only the others present. Honey and Three finally decided to tell Art about their bodyguard job in Germany. Art nodded in understanding and said it would be fine. After he and Hajime started Hamatora Mark two, Birthday and Ratio started an odd job business and Three and Honey a bodyguard one.

"Are you sure? I mean you still have those nightmares when you sleep alone." questioned Honey in a worried tone remembering the first time it happened.

Art smiled gently and said that Hajime would be sleeping over so there should be no worries. Honey nodded and together with Three the two left to sleep to get their flight tomorrow. Art turned to see Hajime giving him a patronizing look.

"You're back to the office aren't you?" she said in an irritated tone. Art smiled guiltily and nodded.

"It's better that way. Then I won't have a relapse if I don't fall asleep."

"Nothing happens when someone is at least present in the room or at least sleeping with you. But when you are on your own you have nightmares. Strange." Koneko said never having seen Art have an attack like the Hajime, Honey and Three.

"Sometimes being of royal blood isn't very fun." stated Art bitterly unconsciously touching his back.

"Either way Ratio said you needed rest and besides your day off is tomorrow." Master said as he continued cleaning the plate. Art only hummed obviously not wanting to take the advice.

"We might get a job tomorrow and you won't be in the best shape if you don't properly sleep." stated Hajime with a firm pounding of her knuckles. Art held up his hands in surrender but was still going to try either way.

"I want to get the report in that is it. So please stay over here tonight." he begged to Hajime who pouted not liking when the other used his cunning smile.

"You owe me two dozen hamburgers." she said before she hugged him

tightly. Art smiled in appreciation and softly patted her head. With that he decided to get going so he won't feel too tired. He left to his car and noticed a gang close by it and groaned. He hated when this happens especially because-

"Hey there cutie."

Yeah that is why.

xxx

"I told you to shut up!" shouted Nice slamming the door trying to hit Murasaki on purpose. Murasaki though opened it for both him and Shizuku who looked worried that something bad is going to happen. Whenever the two were truly pissed off with one another they would beat the crap out of the other.

"The hell Nice! You didn't finish the job or anything. Worse is that fact that you let him see you." snapped Murasaki removing his glasses.

Nice glared daggers at him putting on his headphones. His temper was bad at the moment and he sure needed a good fight. Shizuku groaned there goes another building to the ground and their paychecks. Man this was a moment where she wished their stupid creepy boss would show.

"Is something the matter."

The trio froze and turned to see Moral on the monitor of their downstairs base. Shizuku almost jumped in joy of seeing him. Key word is almost. Nice immediately turned away not liking to see the bastard's face one bit. Murasaki sighed wishing the other hadn't shown up since it would make Nice's mood worse. No matter how much ruder Nic e had gotten with Moral because of Art. Moral had always treated him like a precious son who he wanted to spoil.

"Nothing." muttered Nice.

"The job was a fail. We weren't able to attain the brain." explained Murasaki looking at Nice.

"Oh. Well in that case do not worry about it. I'll deal with that and also how about a month's break."

The trio turned in surprise at that announcement since they have never received a break like that. Moral smiled at them and nodded.

"You deserve after all the hard work you've done these past few years. With that I'll leave you be. Oh and Nice-kun. Do you need me to send over someone to feed on?"

Nice eyes narrowed into daggers and shifted to the color of red.  
"No."

Moral smiled and with that his face disappeared from the screen. Nice not wanting to do nothing else left towards the exit.

"Where are you going now?"

"I'm staying at a hotel. The fuck I want to be at the moment." The brunette shouted back and left without another word.

Stepping outside into the fresh air he put the volume to his headphones high. He got a bunch of weird stares but he didn't care at this moment. He pretty much just wanted to leave at this point. Finally the streets were empty that is until he noticed a group of thugs. But to his luck they were already checking out some chick by a car.

The chick didn't look too happy but it wasn't his problem and he didn't want to be in the middle of it.

"Sorry but I have to get home."

You have got to be kidding me though Nice stopping to see the all too familiar lilac hair. Art was trying quickly to unlock the door to his car. Unfortunately for him the group surrounded him. The ringleader went up to Art and took his chin in his hand. Art didn't appreciate that and without a second thought punched the guy straight in the face. Nice smirked as he watched as Art took care of the guys. Three's training sure paid off doesn't it. The smirk fell though when they all attacked at once. What should I do he thought and snapped his fingers and disappeared.

Art was pinned by the leader who smirked down at him before taking out a knife holding it to Art's neck. "Now that wasn't very nice sweetie."

Art only glared feeling only a bit scared. The moved his hand down his chest and he felt disgusted.

"Not much of a rack but you seem to have a good enough body for us to enjoy." said the ringleader who bent forward to kiss Art. Art closed his eyes regretting letting Honey and Three go when a gust of wind flew by. Opening his eyes he noticed all the guys being beaten up before they all fell down. He looked up to see Nice before him who only stared down at him. Art stared as well.

"Were you stalking me?"

"What?! Hell, no!"

"Then how-"

"I just happened to be here at the right time that's all-Gah!"

The ringleader stabbed Nice in his side suddenly when a bullet hit the guy's left shoulder and knee. Nice took out the knife and turned to see Art holding his gun at a weird angle. Nice wanted to know how the other learned to shoot that way. Art though put the gun away and ran over to Nice. The wound could be stitched up easily without trouble.

"Come on, you have to get it stitched up." ordered the lilac pushing the brunette into the car. Nice didn't know what he was doing but he listened and got into the car. Art drove to somewhere a bit farther from the city. The ride was silent the whole way when finally he saw a rather huge hotel.

He could only assume that Art's family specifically built the building for Art and Hajime. Silently they entered the building and went over to the elevator to open to get to the penthouse. Entering the room Nice noticed paintings, and drawings hung everywhere all done by Art along with a huge piano. He sat there while Art left to one of the rooms. He started to hit random notes when Art came back out. He couldn't help but stare since Art was only in short and a tank top. The other wasn't as skinny as many thought. He had certainly gained muscle but his body was still effeminate no matter how you looked at it especially his legs.

Art put down the first aid before looking expectantly at Nice. Nice figured it out by removing his dress shirt, jacket and tie. Art blushed upon seeing Nice's well-built upper body, which caused Nice to smirk. Either way the superintendent started stitching up the wound quickly. Nice kept hitting keys while this was being done. He felt hungry again and he could assume it was from the loss of blood. Suddenly Art came into view and Nice's urge took control. He bit down and felt Art's arms wrap around his body. He tasted the other's blood and drank to his heart content. It wasn't until Art slumped forward that he realized the he had gone too far. He immediately released Art whose head fell onto his shoulder.

Nice looked down to see the other blink a few times before smiling up at him. Art gently cupped his face.

"You idiot! What if I had drank you dry?"

"You didn't. Besides it seems odd how you can somehow never kill me like the others." stated Art feeling too weak to walk now. Nice glared down at him but he smiled like nothing.

Nice sighed and carried the other to his room. He laid him down and was about to leave when Art grabbed his hand.

"Stay."

"I don't-"

"I can't sleep well unless someone is on the room. Please, Nice."

Nice sighed knowing he could never say no and relented. He got into the bed and Art immediately rested his head on his chest. Nice automatically placed his hand in Art's hair gently brushing his fingers through it. Art smiled and fell asleep quickly while Nice's eyes were drooping as well.

"I've missed so much." He whispered kissing Art's head and sleeping finally.

End  
file.